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Original Poem.

THE DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I dreamt 'twas Night!—no star shone forth on high,
No gleam of light was flick'ring in the sky—
But all was dark and death-like as that day
When all that lives and is shall pass away.
Gloom filled the air, o'erspread the earth, and all
Was hid in Darkness, as beneath a pall.
In all this mighty void was heard no sound,
The silence of the Grave reigned all around.
It seemed as Man and all that breath'd beside
Had found a grave beneath this gloomy tide.
An awful horror trembled o'er my frame,
And burned throughout my limbs, a scorching flame.
My blood froze in my veins, my tongue seemed lead,
My eyes were almost bursting from my head.
Upon my breast there weighed a massive stone—
I would have shriek'd, but could not breathe a tone.
How awful 'twas to be so lonely there,
Without one glimpse of Light—one breath of air,
Without one human form—or beast or bird—
In that dread silence where no sound was heard.
My reason, wide awake, increased my fear,
And painted vast and unknown horrors near.
My heart was rack'd, my pain had no alloy,—
I could not think one single thought of joy—
Nought to console, nor spread a healing balm,
No recollection sweet, this storm to calm.
All in my breast was rage and fear and pain—
A thousand thoughts, long hid, rushed forth again,
And mocked and jeered me, tortured as I lay—
I could not drive their haggard forms away.
I would have given worlds for one small ray,
For but one glimmering of approaching day!
Much better, thought I, is Hell's fiery womb
Than this unchanging, never ending gloom.
Oh for a sound of some kind living thing—
What happiness the cricket's cry would bring!
How sweet some songster's lay—some brutish cry—
How horrid 'tis in soundless gloom to die!
Oh for the human voice—some infant's tone—
Oh! were it but a cry—or even a moan—
'Twould fall like rain upon a parched up land,
Be as a verdant spot in seas of sand.
Oh, for some gentle hand—some beaming eye—
One look of love would make me fit to die.
But all was naught—I hoped and wished in vain,
And all my longings but increased my pain.
The gloom and horror too increased the more,
The flame raged in my veins worse than before.
But—lo! [illegible] ray of blinding light
Broke in upon me—and dispersed the night!
'Twas painful after gloom, but still 'twas day,
And chased the horrors from my soul away.
But hark!—a voice like thunder—deep and loud
Seemed rolling from the fast receding cloud;
It spoke in accents such as man ne'er heard,
Clear was its tone, distinct and loud each word:
"Mortal!" it said, "thou who on earthly [illegible]
Didst live in conflict, and continual strife
With all thy fellow [illegible] of mortal clay,
[illegible] curse thy brethren, and thy [illegible]
Thou, who hast hated [illegible] happiest smile,
Who had'st a heart that overflowed with guile—
Behold thy home!! Here, in Eternal woe,
Alone and soundless shall thy dark hours flow!
No ray of light shall ever cheer thy day,
No gleam of sunshine beam upon thy way!—
And human tones—that thou didst hate above,
And every sound of Sympathy and Love,
Which thou didst there despise—no more thy ear
In this thy prison house, shall ever hear.
Alone—uncared for—thou shalt ne'er escape,
While Recollection paints each slighted shape!
Here to Eternity thou'lt ask in vain
To live and love upon the earth again—
Here, in a silent horror, shalt thou grope—
The endless torture of the Misanthrope!"
It ceased! and Darkness with its blackest hue
Fell on my fearful [illegible] and [illegible]
Tenfold the darkness and the horror seemed,
From every pore the perspiration streamed.
A ponderous weight seemed settling on my heart,
The hour seemed come for life and breath to part.
Horror and frenzy gave me strength—one scream
And I sprung up! "Thank God 'twas but a Dream!"

DRUID.

Original Tales.

GUARDIAN ANGELS; OR, A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY A NORTH CAROLINIAN.

CHAPTER I.

[illegible]

CHAPTER II.

[illegible]

CHAPTER III.

[illegible]

CHAPTER IV.

[illegible]

CHAPTER V.

[illegible]

CHAPTER VI.

[illegible]

CHAPTER VII.

[illegible]

"To be sure I do, my sweet cousin," I replied, kissing her, "and to show you and all others that I do, I will write forthwith the history of mine, the dearest and best of all, and then we will retire from the world forever."

Reader, a short and imperfect history of this angel is before you; an angel who will make earth an Eden to me, and finally carry me to Heaven. I can only say, in conclusion, may you and all of God's creatures experience the same full measure of happiness which my sweet guardian angel has in store for me! Adieu!

Original Poetry.

LINES,

Written beneath a small flower pressed upon a blank leaf on Pollock's "Course of Time."

BY S. WARREN VANCE.

Sweet little flower, thy modest hue
Thy slender stem, and petals, too,
Are all of heavenly mould,
And so her form and lovely mien,
Who pressed thee here these leaves between,—
But, oh the heart how cold!

'Twas in the halcyon days of youth,
We swore upon the altar Truth,
To love each other ever,—
And why let now a light word part
The chain that linked us heart to heart,
And thus our friendship sever?

Her vows may prove as false as fair,
May dissipate and turn to air,
And perish every token,
Yet while on earth my lot is cast,
I'll love her fondly to the last,
Nor shall my pledge be broken.

Connersville, Ind.

Pictures of Life.

DYING OF LOVE.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

You will sometimes meet, where you least expect it, with traits of gentle and deep feeling. I give you an instance of this, in the following pathetic tale, which I relate, as nearly as possible, in the words of the narrator.

I was one day talking with an uneducated country woman, about a young man who had been crossed in love, and was very sad in consequence. He boarded with the kind-hearted person with whom I was talking, and she said to me, sadly,

"I feel worried about him, he is so altered. He used to be so lively and musical; he kept us all laughing, and now he goes about without speaking, and if we speak to him he don't seem to hear us. He don't hardly eat any thing, and as to sleeping, I don't know as he sleeps at all. I can hear him walking about the bed-room every time I wake up. Two or three times I heard him open the out-side door in the night, and I looked out of the window to see where he was going, for I am worried about him. He went right into the woods, and did not come home till next morning. He hasn't got no mother, and I set great store by him—I tell you I feel worried about him, the whole time."

With a wish to cheer her, I said, in perhaps too careless a manner, "I dare say he will get over it soon; men seldom die of love."

An expression of deep sadness came over her face—she looked down a few moments, and then said, in a subdued voice, "I had a twin brother once, but he died young—*he* died of love."

"How did it happen," said I, in a sympathising tone, for my carelessness was rebuked.

"Why," said she, "when Andrew was about eighteen, he went to tend store for a rich trader that kept store in the village; for my father was poor, and could not give us any thing but plain living and coarse clothes. This did not suit poor Andrew, for he was always high spirited, and liked to have every thing a little nicer and handsomer than we had there at our house; besides, he said father did not need his help, and had enough to do without taking care of him; so he persuaded father to give him his time, and he went to tend store for Mr. Stone.

"Stone had one daughter, and no other child beside; so, naturally, all he had would fall to her, and they thought much of her. She was like the apple of their eyes, and every thing she wanted she had, without gainsay. She *was* a pretty girl. It seems as if I could see her now, with her blue eyes and her flax-colored hair, curling all over her shoulders—and her skin was as white as a lily, all but her cheeks and lips, and they were just as red as roses and cherries; but afterwards, poor girl, they looked pale enough.

"Well, Andrew boarded at Stone's, and it was not long before Irene and he took a great liking to one another. Andrew used to wait upon Irene to singing-school, and there was a dancing-school kept one quarter in the winter, and they both went to that; so, naturally, as they both lived in the same house, they went together both ways, and in fine, they spent a great deal of time together. It seems very strange that the old folks did not see it sooner but they did not.

"Seemingly, the first thought that ever came into their heads was when one day, after sundown, Mrs. Stone went down to the brook to see a web of diaper that she spun herself, and it was there whiteing on the grass, by the side of the brook. Well, she went down to take it up, or something—I don't know what; but there she found Irene and Andrew, sitting together on an old willow that had fell down across the brook. There they sat close together, looking into the water. Andrew had his arm around Irene's waist, and Irene's head was resting on Andrew's shoulder. It was all plain enough then to the old lady, and she stormed like a nor-wester. She called poor Andrew all to naught; but he was as good as any of 'em, only not so rich; and so Irene told her mother, but that only—but there! I don't allow myself to think of what was said. I promised poor Andrew that I would not think about it, if I could help it. It was on his death-bed that he made me promise him."

"But," said I, "what was the effect of their being surprised together?"

"Well, Andrew said—I had all this from Andrew before he died—Andrew said he tried once or twice to speak; but that only made her run on faster; and then she took Irene by the arm and hurried her up to the house; but before she went, she turned round and said, 'Andrew, I will never break the promise I have made to you.' With that Andrew lifts up his right hand and says, 'Irene, I will be true to you to the day of my death—so help me God!' And these were the last words they ever spoke to each other in this world.

"Irene's father set in, too, and coaxed and threatened the poor girl all day long. They wanted to make her marry a rich old fellow, by the name of Gray. He'd had one wife, and was old enough to be Irene's father; but he took a great fancy to her, and offered her rings, and breast-pins, and all sorts of nicknacks; but Irene would not touch them. Well, the old folks told her she *should* have Gray, and they would have the wedding right off, but Irene called God to witness that she would never marry any man but Andrew. They told her they were her parents, and had a right to command her; but she said if they intended to make her obedient, they ought to have begun sooner. Says she, 'You have let me have my way sixteen years, and now it is too late to begin, and upon this subject no parent on earth has a right to interfere.'

"Well, they finally locked her up in a chamber and told her she should not have anything to eat and drink but bread and water, till she promised she would have old Gray; but she never promised.

"Andrew went into the house and packed up his things, and then he wrote Irene a letter, and told her that he was going to New Orleans, to make money, and he would not see her again till he had something to support her on. He left his letter for Irene, but she never got it—she never knew where he was, and they tried to make her believe he had gone off and left her; but she never consented to have old Gray, and they kept her on bread and water till she pined all away—but it was more because she was worried about Andrew than the living; and so it went on. Stone and wife were as hard as stones, sure enough, and they kept the poor girl there till what with worry of mind and want of nourishment, and want of exercise, she fell into a quick consumption.

"When the old folks found she was sick in earnest, they were both dreadful frightened, and sent for the Doctor, and got her all sorts of good things. The Doctor told them there something on her mind, and she would never be any better till that was removed. They knew well enough what it was that was on her mind, and they wrote a letter to Andrew, and told him if he would come back he might marry Irene; but he must come quick, or he would never see her alive. Andrew got the letter; but he had been pining ever since he parted from Irene, and was reduced very low. But he set out as soon as possible and travelled night and day. I was sitting with my mother in the fore room just at night, and the stage stopped before the house. The driver and another man took Andrew out—they held him up by his arms, and he just moved his feet along. Oh! he was so altered—we did not know him—mother nor I. Mother says, 'There is some poor creature dying, and they are bringing him in here.'

"They brought him into the room and laid him on the bed, and mother went up to the bed-side and asked him if there was any thing he would take. He looked up in her face and said, 'Mother!'—and then we knew him."

The poor woman's voice failed, and she put her apron to her eyes. After some minutes I asked her how long he lived.

"He lived," continued she, "a number of days; but he never left his bed after the men laid him on it. The journey was too much for him; but he was very happy—he had found peace in believing, and said he should soon meet Irene—but he knew he should never see her in this world."

"Did Irene come to see him?" said I.

"Oh, no," continued my friend, "she could not sit up a minute. As soon as Stone heard that Andrew was come home, he come here and begged of him to go with him in the carriage, to see Irene, for says he, 'Mr. Avery, you must forget and forgive, and you may marry Irene in welcome—and,' says he, 'it is no matter about the money, I have got enough, and it will all be Irene's. Come!' says he, 'let me help you into the carriage and go and see Irene—it will do her good to see you, and she needs something, for she is very poorly.'

"I never shall forget Andrew's look—he raised his hollow black eyes up to Stone's face and said, 'You have come too late, Mr. Stone—I shall never we shall never part again, but it will not be in your house.' After he had rested a minute or two, says he, 'Mr. Stone, I forgive you Irene's death, and mine, and give you my hand.' Stone took his hand, and hard as he was, the tears came into his eyes, but he could not speak a word.

"The next day, Andrew asked me to go and see Irene, and tell her it would not be many days before they met, and then they would part no more. Oh how pale she was—her skin was well nigh as white as the linen pillow-bier that she laid on. When she saw me she smiled, and held out her hand as well as she could, for she was desperate weak, but she was very happy, for she said the other world looked very bright to her. She told me to tell Andrew, that they would not suffer much more. It would be, she said, but a short struggle, and in her mind, all thought of that was lost in the hope of eternal union with him.

"Andrew died first. They tried to keep it from Irene; but a young girl slipped in and told her. When she heard it, she fainted away, and they thought she was dead; but in a short time she opened her eyes and looked up—her face was very bright and smiling, and she spoke out, in a clear voice, and said, 'Yes, dear, I am ready.' With that word, her eye-lids fell, and she was gone.

"They buried them both in one grave, and oh, such a funeral—the young people came from all the towns round here, and there was such crying and sobbing, that you could hardly hear the prayer.—*Boston Traveller.*

Selected Articles.

THE BOY AND MAN.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

A few years ago, there was, in the city of Boston, a portrait painter, whose name was Mr. Copley. He did not succeed well in his business, and concluded to go to England, to try his fortunes there. He had a little son, whom he took with him, whose name was John Singleton Copley.

John was a very studious boy, and made such rapid progress in his studies, that his father sent him to college. There he applied himself so closely to his books, and became so distinguished a scholar, that his instructors predicted that he would make a very eminent man.

After he had graduated, he studied law. And when he entered upon the practice of his profession his mind was so richly disciplined by his previous diligence, he almost immediately gained celebrity. One or two cases of great importance being entrusted to him, he managed them with so much wisdom and skill as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation.

The king and his cabinet, seeing what a learned man he was, and how much influence he had acquired, felt it to be important to secure his services for the government. They, therefore, raised him from one post of honor to another, till he was created Lord High Chancellor of England, the very highest post of honor to which any subject can attain; so that John Singleton Copley is now Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England. About sixty years ago, he was a little boy in Boston. His father was a poor portrait painter, hardly able to get his daily bread. Now, John is at the head of the nobility of England; one of the most distinguished men in talent and power in the House of Lords, looked upon with reverence and respect by the whole civilized world. This is the reward of industry. The studious boy becomes the useful and respected man.

Had John S. Copley spent his school-boy days in idleness, he probably would have passed his manhood in poverty and shame. But he studied in school, when other young men were wasting their time; he adopted for his motto, "*Ultra pergere,*" (*Press onward,*)—and how rich has been his reward.

You, my young friends, are now laying the foundation for your future life. You are every day at school, deciding the question, whether you will be useful and respected in life, or whether your manhood shall be passed in mourning over the follies of mis-spent boyhood.

THE HEDGEHOG.—It is said that the hedgehog is proof against poisons. Mr. Pallas states that it will eat a hundred cantharides without receiving any injury. More recently a German physician, who wished to dissect one, gave it prussic acid, but it had no effect; he then tried arsenic, opium and corrosive sublimate, with the same results.—*Chris. Inq.*

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HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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DECLINED. "Susan." "The Wish."

SCOTT IN MEXICO.

Nothing excites the sensation, at the present war has shown more conspicuously the great superiority of the American troops, than the recent invasion by General Scott of the populous valley of the Capital of Mexico.

An army of about ten thousand men has had the temerity, as it almost seemed, to set itself down before a city containing 500,000 inhabitants, defended by 30,000 troops, entrenched in almost impregnable fortifications; and step by step, always advancing and never retreating, it has finally been borne through all opposition, routed the thirty thousand defenders, captured six thousand prisoners and seventy pieces of artillery, and, with colors flying and band playing Yankee Doodle, marched triumphantly into the ancient and renowned Capital of Mexico.

Really it seems in perusing the wonderful accounts of the progress of the American arms, as if the days of Cortez and Pizarro had come again; and that these Mexicans were but Indians, ignorant of the thunder and lightning of civilized warfare, and opposing only with the brave and scarce of barbarians the iron and steel of civilization. But this is not the case—the Mexican is armed in the same manner as the American, he knows how to wield himself of all the arts of civilized warfare, he is fighting for home and for country—and yet thirty thousand, intrenched in positions of wonderful strength, are unable to withstand the onset of one-third of their number; and a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants is compelled to humble itself before the power of a conqueror, entering it at the head of only seven thousand men.

Inferior as we had always been disposed to regard the Mexican nation, from its constant turmoils, its want of order and repose, the events of the present war lead us to believe that we had rated them too highly. For certainly we never would have believed, two years ago, that an American army of ten thousand men would be able to do what General Scott has done and more.

And yet the Mexicans, in these last battles before their Capital, have fought bravely—and it is difficult often to conceive from the accounts of their courage and desperation, how it was they were so badly beaten. But beaten they invariably have been—and now they seem to expect it as a thing of course.

And now at last "The Halls of the Montezumas" are ours—the portrait of Washington hangs in the National Palace, displacing that of Iturbide, the Washington of Mexico: the stars and stripes are upborne proudly by the subject winds of the conquered city; the rallying cry of the restless and enthusiastic masses of the Mississippi valley has become history. These events have become republic—a new path has been opened for this great Union to tread in, the end of which no man can certainly discern. Will she walk in it, or will the partiality retrace her steps? We shall see.

THE CHOLERA.

This scourge of nations has already reached Riga on the Baltic. It made its first appearance in Tredinsted on the 8th of September, and in Riga on or before the 12th—thus travelling from the southern shore of the Black Sea to the Baltic, in four days. At the rate we might expect it upon our own shores at any time, but the experience of the past does not warrant such a fear. We learn from the American and European papers, that upon the former visitation of this dreadful scourge, it made its appearance in Eastern Russia in the Fall of 1830. It was not until thirteen months afterward that it reached England, and not until the 8th of June, 1832, that it appeared at Quebec, upwards of twenty months after its appearance at Moscow. Allowing for a similar rate of progression now, it will not reach this country before the summer of 1849.

But there is no certainty that the rate of progress now will be the same; though we might judge with considerable accuracy upon that point, if we were in possession of the facts necessary to determine the comparative speed with which the Cholera has advanced to Eastern Russia, in the present a contrasted with its former visitation. Perhaps some of our correspondents can put us in possession of the necessary statistics to come to a conclusion upon that point.

But we trust that upon the first appearance of this dreaded pestilence upon the shores of the Polar Sea, measures will be immediately taken by the proper authorities, seconded by the public at large, to prepare for its visitation. It is stated that the mortality of the Russian towns is about two out of every three cases. If the disease be at all general, this is appalling. But the American people are very different in all these respects which have an influence to aggravate disease, from the Russians. The latter are a very intemperate race, and not very fastidious in respect to personal habitations. Besides, where there is so much ignorance as in Russia, the possibility is that the treatment of the disease is not the most enlightened one that could be adopted.

Whether the Pestilence reach so early or late, however, whether it be comparatively light or very awful and severe, let each man and woman make up his and her mind to be their duty, fearless of the consequences. Cowardice and fear not only are shameful sins upon such occasions, but undoubtedly weaken the system and lay it open to the attacks of disease; while the courage which does its duty and fears not, walks unharmed in the midst of the pestilence. But whether it be his fate to walk thus unharmed, or to fall beneath the attack of disease, let no one shrink from the performance of those duties which at every age have been considered most sacred and imperative, which are enjoined by every dictate of our religion, and which lie at the very foundation of social life.

THE POLISH PATRIOTS.

It is well to hear both sides of a question, and therefore we quote from a letter, written by a Berlin correspondent of one of the English papers, in relation to the recent trials of a number of Poles for being engaged in the late insurrection. He says, "It is scarcely possible to imagine the conceit, the love of display and evident desire to attract attention, which were manifested by the accused. Their studied and theatrical manner, from Microslawski downwards, showed very plainly the weakness of their character. Dombrowski's answer to his counsel was very characteristic. 'How do you mean to defend yourself?' inquired the counsel. 'In a black dress coat and yellow kid gloves.'"

Our readers will please remember that this anecdote came from Berlin.

THE REINFORCEMENTS.

The Union, speaking of Gen. Scott's army, says that, without counting Gen. Patter's detachment, which has actually joined Gen. Scott, but consisting as Major Lally's corps, the reinforcements destined to join him can scarcely fall short of 18,000 troops: and this, too, independent of the two regiments which have just been called into service.

HOPELESS LOVE.

A foreigner, of a noble family, named Charles Albert Emmett de la Marre, aged 20 years, committed suicide in New York recently. He was possessed of wealth, and the only supposed cause of such an act, was the fact of his having fallen in love with a married lady in Rome.

THE SNAKE QUESTION.

Mr. Smith:—Your question (which I thought was put in jest,) I see has been answered sufficiently. I can only add my testimony, that I know something that does look like compact with the black viper; it is a short, black snake, perfectly black, that when disturbed, flattens its head and neck surprisingly, and emits a hiss! which you would mistake for any thing else but a hiss! Now this creature is misnamed, if by calling it a viper, they mean that it is of the poisonous kind; it is as harmless as any of the family of black snakes; indeed, I know of none that are poisonous but rattlesnakes, which can be easily known, and I have examined many different kinds; in fact, I never meet a new acquaintance among these reptiles, without making a dissection with respect to their species or animals, they particularly the farmers, have heretofore treated us as their enemy both, in fact, their good friend—they destroy what it is their interest to furnish and feed upon.

I do not wish to be tedious, nor am I desirous to relate snake stories which, you know, are in every body's mouth; but I here bear testimony against the assertion that snakes charm birds or any thing else; it is a delusion which I could easily explain, and which can be easily explained why some have said they were chased by what they call a sneese runner, (by-the-bye, I never saw a snake that could run a mile as I was told they could,) and the capture of the hoop snake that has a poison horn in his tail—the first can be done, the fun is proper when we have gathered together again, only exists in imagination—I can account, too, for the reason persons have imagined that snakes can swallow their own heads, &c.

On my farm these reptiles are protected and treated as friends, and are no more that we are afraid of the cattle that feed on it, or the cow that we gathering our crops.

Gentlemen, (as some of our stump orators would say,) this is the essence of a long-chased, prosecuted, but innocent class of God's creation!

Terre Haute, Ind. G. H.

BEHAVIOUR OF THE ARMY.

There is nothing gives us so much pleasure to record in the current news from the seat of war, as the admirable behaviour of the American Army in the hostile country of the city of Mexico. If this was merely the testimony of our own countrymen, we might think the statements were partial; but we have the evidence of foreigners—even of the Mexican Capital, confirmatory of the fact. A French gentleman, for instance, writing to one of his countrymen in the City of Mexico.

All foreigners, including those unlisted in other respects with prejudice against the Americans, agree on one point, viz: that the American Army has not done the hundredth part of the injury it had the right to do, and which European armies would have done in similar circumstances.

A foreigner, a friend, and having been an eye witness to European warfare about the close of Napoleon's career, says, "judging by comparison, give it as my candid opinion, that if a Continental army had been crossed and had met with the hospitality of a vanquished city, the inhabitants would have been dead with rather more rapidity."

Another letter from a foreigner to a commercial house in New Orleans, says:

"Gen. Scott is taking great precaution to prevent outrages, and I must say, to the credit of the American army, that they have behaved with more prudence than could have been expected under existing circumstances, and the redemptorists now in the city of Mexico, whose residences are daily committed in the *barrios* (suburbs) on the straggling soldiers.

In truth, the American Army, notwithstanding all the opposition it has met with, has behaved as well as a European army would have done, that had met with no opposition. And when it is remembered that this opposition of the Mexicans was continued until after the rout of their organized forces, and even after the American Army had entered the gates of the city, we must be astonished at the moderation and forbearance of our troops under such circumstances, as the heighest and most conspicuous incident of the war.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

A correspondent of the American and Gazette, of this city, gives the following account of a re-

On still through the deep dust of the road,—one-half of the army must have passed over it—the Tennessean trees, which we had seen so far off, and under one of the sinciest of which, in a few hours, we hitched our horses. We walked up to an awning stretched upon a frame, and open at all sides, under which was seated a contented looking gentleman, evidently advanced in years, reading the newspapers: he had a formidable pair of them laying before him. Some half dozen others in a table, with a big stone upon them to keep them from dispersion by the pleasant breeze. He rose courtesily to greet us, for he knew my companion, and I was introduced to—General Taylor. He talked and chatted with the activeness of a child, of the news he had read, the dust, and our ride, as if he were enjoying the luxury of life and leisure in this retreat, with not a care on his mind. His weather-beaten countenance were lighted up by pleasant smile, sure when he spoke of the sickness among his men; when his seriousness and sorrowful countenance he was a man of broad and genial sympathies with the sufferings, not only of his countrymen, of his fellow men. He pressed me to stay for tea with a cordiality that was evidently not accustomed to be refused; but I had the dust and clothes of an eight days' march upon me, and for one not the other having been much disturbed by the labors and a toilet during the time; and we were anxious to reach Monterey, and expect, if possible, the incompressible luxury of a bath; so, having my companion, I rode on alone to the city, some five miles further off.

ALL RIGHT.

The Western Continent says, in reply to a few words in a recent number of the Post:

The Saturday Evening Post, on remarking upon our notice of it, takes us to task for saying that it and lately made a change of editors. The present occasioned by editorial change, it appears, has held it for nearly a year and a half. Well, we cannot help the blunder of life and leisure in this retreat, with not a care on his mind. His weather-beaten countenance were lighted up by pleasant smile, sure when he spoke of the sickness among his men; when his seriousness and sorrowful countenance he was a man of broad and genial sympathies with the sufferings, not only of his countrymen, of his fellow men. He pressed me to stay for tea with a cordiality that was evidently not accustomed to be refused; but I had the dust and clothes of an eight days' march upon me, and for one not the other having been much disturbed by the labors and a toilet during the time; and we were anxious to reach Monterey, and expect, if possible, the incompressible luxury of a bath; so, having my companion, I rode on alone to the city, some five miles further off.

ARITHMETICAL.

Our attention was called the other day, to what may be perhaps a common error in multiplication. A gentleman had occasion to multiply 1,371 by 471; in the course of his business, and he did it as follows:

	1,371
	371
	137
	959
	274
	411
	508,341

Testing his calculation by reducing the fractions to decimals, he found there was a mistake in it somewhere, the true amount being 39,564. It puzzled him for some time, but he at length found out his error. The 137 should be 139—as the 1 of the 371 had already been multiplied once, in the line next above.

AMERICAN LOSS.

The following is the recapitulation of the loss of our troops during the attack on King's Mill, Chapultepec, &c.

Gen. Worth's divisions, 140 killed, 700 wounded and 27 missing. Gen. Twiggs' division, 98 killed, 394 wounded and 10 missing. Gen. Pillow's division, 21 killed, 111 wounded, and 10 missing. Gen. Quitman's division, 61 killed, and 267 wounded. The grand total of killed, wounded and missing being 1,937.

The total loss of our troops since their arrival in the valley of Mexico, is set down by the correspondent of the New Orleans Delta at 2,500 men killed and wounded.

PRIME, WARD & CO.

The New York Dispatch says, that Messrs. Prime, Ward & King, who recently failed in New York, exhibit assets to the amount of only $60,000, while they confess the enormous liability of $600,000. It also says that the capital of this famous firm was only $30,000, and that the heaviest loaps are people who entrusted money with them for safe keeping; people coming to the country to buy farms on which to settle, and leaving their funds in the hands of Prime, Ward & Co., until they had selected locations.

GENERAL CADWALADER.

When General Pillow was wounded at the storming of Chapultepec, the command devolved on Gen. Cadwalader, of this city.

In the hottest storm of grape and shot, Cadwalader led his men up the height. His aid, Lieut. Irwin, was killed at his side, but he escaped unhurt, and the height of Chapultepec were finally carried with immense loss on both sides.

Gen. Cadwalader was engaged in person the sword of General Reves. This sword is now in his possession.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the Evening Bulletin says:

Gen. C. is now occupying splendid quarters in this city, assigned him by General Scott, free of rent, as a small return for his brilliant services. I have just returned from a visit to his quarters, and can say I left your friends in his care of matters in point of size and magnificence at its decorations, which cannot be equalled in the Quaker City.

This seems to be "everything in the Halls of the Montezumas" as reality. General P. F. Smith, who succeeds to the command of the division, belongs by an extract from a letter of his to a friend in New Orleans:

"For beefsteak we have nothing at all to eat but chickens, steaks of beef and mutton, biscuit or rolls made of the finest flour, and as to drink, it is impossible for a king to get better than claret, or fragrant tea, coffee, or chocolate. At dinner-time our appetites are considerable. Beef soup, roasted joints of savory roast beef and mutton, fish from the mountain lakes, wild turkey and game, delicate variety of the tropical fruits of the country, together with some Tokay or Champagne wine."

YANKEE DOODLE.

We perceive by the New York papers, that the "American Punch," Yankee Doodle, is dead. We are sorry to hear it, but as the veteran is so constructed that it is impossible for fire, water, or lead in any location for sensible and unsentimental machinists, boxers, miners, quarriers," railroad and living binders, and armorers. The forge and bellows has been in use over two years, and no complaints have been made against it. It is confidently believed that the construction combines the user to lead ones in the quickest and best manner, and that, too, in their leisure hours. Whatever work it is admirably calculated, for, by chance or by the construction of the device, there is no inconvenience experienced from the wind, no matter how hard it may blow; for from the use by closing the slides entirely, or partially, the ashes are prevented from annoying. The attention

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Smith, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, and Frederick J. Hawes.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, Theodore P. Blake, T. S. Waterman, Reuben A. Henry, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer and John W. Wightman,* the two last named in place of B. B. Hussey, deceased.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of *REDDING & Co., No. 1, State Street, Boston. Of ROBINSON & JONES, No. 109 Main Street, Cincinnati. Of MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Alabama. Of J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La. Of GEO. W. NOBLE, Louisville, Ky. Of M. P. MORSE, Pittsburg, Pa. Of W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore Md. Of SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.*

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General News.

A SAD STORY.

A late English paper contains the following account of the realization at Glasgow, of the melancholy story of Gineva, and the song of the "Misletoe Bough."

"Three young boys, two of them sons of Mr. J. Wilson, builder, Gallowgate, and the other, a son of his brother, Mr. Charles Wilson, on Saturday last, were lost. As the rest of the family were down the water, the boys' absence at first occasioned no great uneasiness, as it was supposed that the youngsters, the eldest of whom was about 11 years of age, had set off to join their mother and the rest of the family. As nothing had been heard of them, Mr. Wilson left home early yesterday morning with the intention of proceeding to Helensburg, where the family were, to ascertain if the runaways had been there. He had not been long away, when a carrier who takes charge of a horse belonging to Mr. Wilson, went to the stable for the purpose of procuring some provender for the animal. The provender is kept in a corn-chest—a box six feet long and about three deep, with three separate compartments, and secured on the outside with an iron hasp, which fits into the staple in the side of the chest.

"On opening the lid the man was horror-stricken at finding the three young boys motionless at the bottom of the chest, each occupying one of the compartments. He immediately summoned assistance, and they were taken out; but it was found that two of them, James Wilson, aged 11, and Charles Wilson, about a year younger, were quite dead, and had been so, apparently, for a considerable length of time. The youngest, a boy between seven and eight years, showed some signs of life, and by prompt medical attendance he gradually revived so as to be able to state what had led to the melancholy catastrophe.—The brothers and cousin had gone into the chest in search of beans, and while so engaged, the lid, which, as has been already stated, is secured on the outside by an iron hasp, falling into a staple, closed on them. In falling, the hasp, as it most unfortunately happened, fixed into the staple, and all the united strength of the poor captives was insufficient to enable them to burst the bands of what, too truly, proved their tomb.

"On the side at which the youngest boy was found, the lid did not fit so close as the other parts, and to the limited supply of air which had been admitted through this crevice is to be attributed his preservation. They had endeavoured to support each other's courage as well as they could in their dismal dungeon, and before giving up hope, one of them broke the blade of a penknife in the attempt to make an incision through [illegible]

CURIOUS LAW CASE.

[illegible]

A PITIABLE SIGHT.

[illegible]

CURIOUS CASES OF MADNESS.

[illegible]

A SPOTTED NEGRO.

[illegible]

Religious Intelligence

THANKSGIVING.

Governor Shunk has issued the following proclamation, recommending the 25th of November next, as a day of public thanksgiving, prayer and praise, through this state. A number of States already have fixed upon the 25th as their thanksgiving day:—

PENNSYLVANIA, ss.—*In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.*—FRS. R. SHUNK, *Governor of the said Commonwealth.—A Proclamation.*—Fellow Citizens: God is great and good. It is our duty to adore His greatness, to acknowledge His goodness, to confess to Him our sins, and humbly implore their forgiveness. It is fit and becoming that we should do so, not only as individuals, but as a Commonwealth of free citizens, who, during the past year, have received unnumbered benefits at His hand.

Under His guardianship our free institutions, founded by the wisdom of the Fathers of the Republic have been preserved to us inviolate. We have richly enjoyed all our civil and social privileges, and the right to worship God as our consciences dictate. We have been preserved from wasting pestilence. Enterprise, in its various forms, has been earnestly put forth, and has yielded a rich return. The fruits of the earth have been gathered in abundance and safety. Our garners are filled with the finest of the wheat, to minister to our own wants and to the necessities of the destitute. Intelligence and morality have steadily advanced, sustained and invigorated by a pure and Heavenly religion, whose institutions and ordinances, unsullied by any alliance with the State, continue to be cherished by the voluntary devotion of the people, and though in the righteous judgments of God we have been involved in the direful calamities of war, yet we have not been given up to faintness of heart, but the noble courage and conduct of our soldiery have wrought for us victory in the midst of danger.

In view of all this goodness, I do hereby recommend Thursday, the 25th of November next, to be observed as a day of solemn thanksgiving to Almighty God; and that the citizens of this Commonwealth do abstain on that day from all their ordinary worldly avocations—assemble in their respective places of worship—humble themselves before the Almighty, for their sins, individual and national—render Him their hearty thanks for His many and great mercies—deprecate the judgments our transgressions have merited—beseech Him that peace may be speedily restored, and the blessings we now so richly enjoy may be continued to us and to ours, down to the latest generation, and that the whole family of man, united in one vast brotherhood, may share in His richest mercies.

Given under my hand, and the Great Seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this nineteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, and of the Commonwealth the seventy-second. By the Governor.

J. MILLER,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Political Intelligence

THE NEW CONGRESS.

There have been elected to the United States House of Representatives 116 Whigs, including the Philadelphia Native, and 102 Democrats—ten members to be heard from, viz: four in Louisiana, four in Mississippi, one in Ohio, and one in Michigan. Should these be politically the same as in the last Congress, the full House would stand Whigs 117, Democrats 111—Whig majority, 6. Twelve States have elected a majority of Whigs; twelve also have elected a majority of Democrats, and three are tied.

LIBERTY PARTY.

The National Liberty Convention closed its labors at Buffalo, New York, after making the following nominations:—For President, John P. Hale, of New Hampshire. For Vice President, Lester King, of Ohio. Mr. Hale received 103 votes, and Gerrit Smith [illegible], the contest for the Presidential nomination being between these two.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

[illegible]

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Whig State Convention of New Hampshire, assembled at Concord on the 20th instant, and nominated Nathaniel S. Berry, of Grafton, for Governor of the State. He belongs to the Independents.

Clippings.

[illegible]

Items of News.

[illegible]

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.—The New York and Erie Railroad is expected to be open for travel as far west as Port Jervis, Delaware county, before the close of the present calendar year. From Port Jervis to Binghampton, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, the railroad is under contract—five thousand men being employed on that section—and is expected to be completed in the fall of 1848, or about one year hence.

THE LEPEROS.—We often hear people asking, "What are the leperos?" They are a class of vagabonds, very numerous in Mexican cities, and corresponding nearly to the *lazzaroni* of Naples and the *loafers* of the United States. Ward estimated the number in the city of Mexico as high as 20,000 in 1823. They are probably more numerous now.

☞ It is said that Hallam has in press a volume supplemental to his history of the "Middle Ages."

The Fashions.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

The autumnal dresses are frequently ornamented with velvet of contrasting color and demi-longe sleeve-pointed cuffs, fixed by a velvet næud, and on the flounces several rows of narrow velvet. The form of dresses varies but little; corsages are always tight, ornamented in a variety of ways, revers brandenbourgs formed of chiefs in guimpe, with buttons; a new style of guimpe trimming forms a series of leaves, imitating oak, &c., placed contrariwise from the throat to the bottom of the skirt, increasing gradually in size. Among the newest materials for travelling dresses and robes de chambre is the chatoyante. A pretty novelty for walking dresses are those of cachemire, with application of cachemire on the front of the corsage, and chatelain in rich rosaces, pines, &c.

Bonnets begin to assume an autumnal appearance, capotes of crape are often ornamented with velours epingle. Capotes of taffetas are made with pinked trimmings, and nœuds of velvet inside, the deep color of which forms contrast to the light bonnet. Neglige bonnets of fancy straw are lined with gros de Naples, and ornamented inside by poppies and tulle of paille color, with double bavolet of taffetas, pinked and simple nœuds and brides of pinked taffetas. Cock's feathers will be again fashionable, one half black, the other green, blue or any contrasting color. Another novelty are the marabouts and follettes glaces, with the natural wings of insects, the various tints having much effect, both by candle light and in the sun. New mantelets are in preparation for the autumn; the prettiest are of casimer satin, and satin de Chine.—*London and Paris Ladies' Magazine of Fashion.*

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, Oct. 23, 1847.

REMARKS—Since the receipt of the news from Europe by the steamers Cambria and Missouri—the extraordinary number of failures of old and respectable houses coupled with the fall in breadstuffs and cotton—our market has been in a feverish state. Operations have been restricted or almost suspended. Both purchasers and sellers were at a stand; not knowing what to do. The rise in grain, announced by a former arrival, [illegible]

FLOUR AND MEAL.—[illegible]

GRAIN.—The receipts since our last have been light and within the demand. [illegible]

[illegible]

SALES OF STOCKS.

1550 shares	Reading Railroad,	27¼a27½
825 do	Girard Bank,	11
500 do	Lehigh Coal Scrip,	[illegible]
50 do	Neshanie Cop.	1
25 do	Flem. Copper,	12
11 do	Northern Bank, Ky.	100
6 do	Far. & Mec. Bank,	57
$26,000	Penn. 5's,	74½
$200	City 5's, 1876,	102
$10,500	U. S. 6's,	103½
$1000	U. S. Trea. Notes,	101
$1250	Ches. & Del. 6's,	78½
$1000	Reading 6's, 1850,	70

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 25.—The offerings of Beef Cattle, for the week, were about 900 head, and of these about 200 were disposed of yesterday, and the remainder on Thursday. Beeves are selling at prices ranging from $5 to 7,50 per 100 head. Hogs sold at $6,50 to 7,50 per 100 lbs. Cows at the following prices: $20 to 30 for fresh, $14 to 20 for springers, and $7 to 14 for dry. Sheep and Lambs are selling from $2 to 4 for the former, and from $1 to 3 for the latter.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 22.—Beef Cattle—There were offered at the scales on Monday, 1500 head, of which 1100 head were purchased by city butchers and packers, at $2a3.25 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $4a6,25 nett, and averaging about $2,62½ gross, showing a slight advance; 150 head were driven to Philadelphia and 250 head left over. Sales since at a moderate decline on the above rates. Hogs—$6,25 to 6,50 per 100 lbs.

RICHMOND, Oct. 21.—For Cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2½a2,62; nett $5a5½, according to quality. Sheep—$2a3½. Hogs—Live $6a6½.

NEW YORK MARKETS, OCTOBER 23.

ASHES—Pots have advanced to $6a6,50 per barrel. Beeswax—Dull. Coffee—Market nearly bare of new crop Rio; sales of 2000 bags Rio at 7a7½; 900 Government Java 8½a9, 400 green do 8, 1000 Sumatra 6½, 4 mos. and 610 St. Domingo 6½a6½, cash. Cotton has declined fully [illegible]; week's sales 7100 bales at 8½a10 cts. Flour—Prices generally have advanced 12½c; sales of Genesee and Oswego at $6,50a6,62½. Michigan and Ohio $6,50a6,56¼, and Southern $6,62½a6,75. Grain—Sales of 12,800 bushels white Ohio and fair Genesee Wheat $1,40a1,46; 6000 Ohio $1,31a1,40; 650 good Southern $1,30; 8000 bushels Barley at 72a81c. Northern Rye is brisk; sales of 15,000 bushels at 90a80 cts. Corn sold freely at 73a74 for mixed, and 74a76 for good yellow, with sales of 80a100,000 bushels—the market closing heavy. Hemp—Manilla is firm at 13 cts, with light stocks; 200 bales dew rotted Am. sold at $140, 150 and 100 dressed at $180, 6 mos. Hides—Prices declining. Hops—10,000 lbs Eastern and Western sold at 8a10½ cts, showing a decline. Iron—1000 tons Scotch Pig sold to arrive, on private terms. Molasses—Sales of 125 hhds St. Croix at 37, 100 Porto Rico 30, 150 Trinidad 28a29, and 300 Cuba 24a25c. Oil—Linseed is dull at 70a71c for American, and 60a61 for English. Provisions—Mess Beef is lower; we quote $10,75a11; Mess Pork has advanced to $15a15,25 per bbl. Saltpetre—450 bags sold at 5½, 3 mos. Seeds—Clover is in fair demand at 7¼a7¾; 2000 bushels foreign linseed sold at $1,40, and 400 American do at $1,36, cash. Skins—25,000 Curacoa sold at 54a55c. Sugars—Demand good and prices firm; sales of 200 hhds Porto Rico at 5¾a6½; 950 Cuba 5½a6½, and 1000 boxes Havana 5½a7½, on time. Tobacco—Prices are firm; 100 hhds Ky. and Va. sold at full rates; 200 bales Cuba 18a21, and [illegible]

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

30 Saturday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	MOON'S PHASES D. H. M.
31 Sunday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
1 Monday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	New 7 9 41
2 Tuesday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	First 15 0 45
3 Wednesday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Full 22 4 34
4 Thursday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Last 29 10 32
5 Friday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
6 Saturday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

Oct.	7 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	64
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	67
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	68
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	62
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	60
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	62
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	58

Married.

[illegible]

Died.

[illegible]

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

[illegible]

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"GRAHAM" is now universally acknowledged to surpass, in the excellence and variety of its contents, and the style of its execution, any periodical ever published in America, and it is questionable whether any magazine in the world—not excepting even *Blackwood's*—ever presented an array of contributors of equal reputation. Its circulation is about one-third larger than that of any other monthly in the English language.

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[illegible]

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NEW PROSPECTUS.

GREAT INCREASE OF CIRCULATION.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post return their thanks to the friends of morality and pure literature, for the very liberal support they have extended to them during the past year. And they have the gratification of announcing to them that the circulation of the Post has been during that period

STEADILY AND RAPIDLY INCREASING.

It has been the design of the Publishers of the Post, (and if they may believe the testimony of many witnesses, it is one in which they have already succeeded) to make the Saturday Evening Post, beyond all contradiction, the

BEST WEEKLY PAPER

in America. No other Paper has such a talented corps of regular contributors; as will be seen when we mention the names of T. S. Arthur, Esq., Grace Greenwood, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Mrs. C. H. Butler, Mrs. Mary Noel MacDonald, F. E. F., Helen W. Irving, Anna Fleming, Lydia Jane Peirson, Harry Hartman, Mary Davenant, T. Hempstead, Henry Morford, D. L. Roath, &c., &c. In addition to the productions of these writers, we are studious in selecting for our columns the best articles in the

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MAGAZINES.

The Agricultural department of the Post is carefully filled with the most interesting articles that appear in the various Agricultural journals.

THE MERCANTILE DEPARTMENT.

Every week we furnish our readers with an accurate account of the condition of the Philadelphia Markets—the prices and sales of Country Produce, &c., and the Cattle Market. Our Bank Note List is also carefully corrected weekly, and the prices of various stocks given. CAREFUL ATTENTION WILL BE GIVEN TO THIS IMPORTANT DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER, TO MAKE IT ACCURATE AND RELIABLE.

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES.

Portraits of distinguished men, and pictures of remarkable places and events, are among the attractions of the Post. And we endeavor always to have some such embellishment in our columns, to add to their variety and beauty.

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND.

We shall thus endeavor to maintain in the future, the proud title the Post has acquired of being peculiarly a family paper and the Fireside Friend—the friend also of Morality, Virtue, Public Improvement and National Advancement.

NO OLD REPRINT.

The Post is no second-hand edition of a Daily Paper. All its matter is prepared expressly for it, and it alone—and it is evident that this is the only mode in which a really good weekly paper can be made.

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NEW AND LIBERAL OFFER.

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1847, and the 1st of November, 1848, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously,* for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

THE MONEY FOR CLUBS MUST BE SENT IN ADVANCE. SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK.

S. D. PATTERSON & CO., 98 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above will be entitled to an exchange.

KIMBERTON BOARDING SCHOOL, FOR GIRLS. THE WINTER TERM WILL *COMMENCE ON THE FIRST DAY OF NEXT MONTH,* and it is proposed to continue the [illegible]

EMMOR KIMBER.

THE PATENT BLOCK-SPRING TRUSS.

[illegible]

MORE EVIDENCE OF THE VIRTUES OF JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.

[illegible]

DR. ROBY'S BRAZILIAN

HAIR CURLING LIQUID.

[illegible]

TO THE 100,000 READERS OF THE POST. HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE. It may truly be [illegible]

[illegible]

CHEAP LEATHER STORE. [illegible]

ANDREW R. CHAMBERS.

Selected Poetry.

TO A CITY PIGEON.

BY MARY NOEL MACDONALD.

And then best wings to bear thee far away,
Over bright fields, and to the treetops high!
And yet thou art content with me to stay,
Mid dust and turmoil, reek and noisy sky.
Bird, last thou no desire to wander free?
No wish to seek the fresh, pure summer air?
Where greenwood songsters fill the sweeping tree,
Would'st thou not speed thee, all their mirth to share?

Stooping by some cone come to taste thy home,
And smooth thy plumage soft, see flitting to thy nest!
What have the haunts of men to tempt thy stay?
Here are no flowers wowing in the breeze
To lonely hunters, whose fragrant sophistry
Within our city bounds we know not these;
Here, there is toil, and care, and haunting strife—
How can'st thou linger with us, bird, so long?
Why in this noisome air wear out thy life?
Fly to the woodland—build no barriers among;
Make thee a home amid the fresh green leaves—
Quit for at least a time, these dull and heated caves.

Had I the pinions folded by thy side,
Thy glossy feathers, and the power to spring
Upon the air, and stretch them far and high!
How quickly would I mount on swifted wing!
Soaring at noonday in some cool retreat.
The abode of birds, and where the wild flowers lie
Set only by the bare's adventurous feet.
And only gazed on by the fawn's soft eye.
Where streams o'er pebbly beds are murmuring low,
Under fall bear me, thou music-master to know.

I'd fly where'er my fancy led the way.
Far from the noise and discord reigning here,
Light on green leaves, where lovin' mates I'd daily play.
And drink from bubbling fountains bright and clear.
Seek out the scented violets mossy bed.

Hid from the sunbeam by a clustering vine;
Or some dark bank with daisies overspread.
And at the cottage porch, where wild briars twine,
There would I pause to catch the homeward hymn,
Ringing in ladies' tones, out in the twilight dim.
And can't thou linger? In its pride, the rose
Hangs on the garden wall, to lure the bee;
Glad is her summer beauty, flushing gay.
And must she smile to bless all nine but thee?
Thou answerest, there are thine in the nest thou hast.

A parent's love swells in thy gentle breast,
Then count not leave the fluttering brood so dear.
And bid thee out to find a greener nest.
Have they not wings like thee to follow on?
Would they not seek the land, where thou before hadst gone?

Then will not leave them—gentle bird, is thee
I read a lesson of eternal things;
So does the spirit, longing to be free,
Can oft forget its birth, and find its wings.
Wa, too, have ties that bind us here below.
And deem it by bound them all and sure—ever;
There is a brighter, better world, we know.
Yet fondly cling to one which most decay!
We knock for entrance, and the door is shut,
And yet, with all its ill, we fix our hearts in that!

Selected Articles.

A LETTER FROM A GERMAN TO HIS FATHER-LAND.

The Milwaukie (Wisconsin) paper publishes a translation of a letter in the Schnell Post from a German at that Territory, to his friends in Germany. It manifests how much our privileges are prized by those who never previously enjoyed them:—

"DEAR FRIENDS—We arrived at America in good health. We reached Milwaukie on the 19th of July, and hope that this letter will find you in good health. We have all been sea-sick, but nobody died. The third of July we took the steamboat to Albany, and there took the railroad for Milwaukie. We then bought land of the State. I, John ——, bought me eighty acres, (that is, in German, 120 morgen.) Then we went by wagon to a place thirty-six miles from Milwaukie, where we could feast our eyes on trees. There I built me a house of trees 28 feet long and 18 feet wide, and have bought a stove for $1, upon which we can cook and bake bread, too. We have bought a cow with a calf for $15, which could not be bought at Germany for $50.

"They think, in Germany, it is all wild in America,—no, the wild part is in Germany. The cattle are pretty here than there, and we have all kinds of trees, which they have not got in Germany. I have on my land many trees, oak, beech, alder, sugar, ceach, (maple) and cities (cedar) trees. We are two miles from church. We have since every month. After New-Year we have it every Sunday. Here we live Catholic—here we can nobody pray. The very poorest is as good as the richest. One can every day and year go to the highest officers. We need not touch our hats; we can keep our pipe in our mouth. We can thank God a thousand times that he has brought us out of the land of bondage into the promised land; for we have been a free land, and liberty.

"I pay every year $6 taxes for 150 morgen; it is taxed by the United States of America. There is everything enough in America. Flour costs $1 a barrel, and there is everything cheap here.

"Trade is free to all here. I wish you would all come to me. You need not be ashamed to come, for people come here who have more money that John W——— of Berg. Who is once in the Kingdom, (United States,) he never goes back to Prussia. The very poorest in America is more than the very richest in the Grand Dutchy of Luxemburgh. A day laborer earns every day a dollar, and he need not give any drunken lawyer's clerk anything of it. All kinds and names I had come. Here we are happy. He who serves a year can earn or buy 80 acres of land, and none of it goes to the officers as in Germany. Come all from the slave land—from the slave land to the free land—for we have a free land here, and we thank God a thousand times that he has brought us out of the slave land to the free land. Brothers and sisters, come all to me—to us. I write to you the truth—the many poor letters as God may help me, and His Holy Gospel. Believe the letter which I write to you. You would thank God if you were here, for thank how much a free land is better than a slave land. Here is no war, and nothing to fear; here everything is plenty.

"There are now twenty-one United States.—The money that they coat has on a star for each. This signifies that the United States are as free as the stars of Heaven. One State is larger than France. Small we not suppose that we are in the land. Yes, we think God our beloved home, and one thousand times one thousand, that he has brought us out of the slave land to the promised land. It is calculated that five hundred come every day. You must not think that America is all without there are railroads, steamships, and omnibus-servers, as in Europe. I hope from my heart that this letter will find you in good health; and write me back how it is in Germany—for I have heard that the last has done much harm, and that the taxes have become much heavier.

"We have all thought of you much, but we do not want to be with you; and if Peter W——— of Berg, would give me his whole property, if I would carry him with me, I would not. Children, I would say no! I wish yet that we could all see each other in America, but not to remain one each other till the last day. I salute you all. Amen."

DIAMETER OF THE STARS.

Great Governor of opinions now exists among astronomers as to the diameter of the stars. If, says M. Arago, we should take for their discs such as they appear to the naked eye, certain stars would be of the enormous size of about 27,000 times greater diameter than the sun, and the most moderate calculation would be 1,000 millions. Herschel, our calculator was that Aquarius had a diameter of nearly four millions of leagues—twelve millions of miles. If the apparent diameter of seconds and a half, assigned by Herschel to the Great, was real, the mass of that star must be more than fourteen millions times greater than that of our sun. But there is no certainty in this, not anything to question that our sun is a star. The sublime idea of the Pythagoreans that the Creator had made all with number, weight and measure, is followed by Plato, who called it the geometry of the Heavens. Kepler, the friend of Newton, believed that all stars were of the same magnitude—that of our sun; and that the differences which we see were the apparent differences of size. The number of stars visible by means of a telescope of twenty feet of focal distance are more than five hundred millions. It is affirmed by M. Arago that there are certainly stars in the firmament whose distance from the earth is 344 and even 900 times greater than that of the stars visible to the naked eye. See what a cannon-ball this lends us to! It is admitted that light, with the velocity of 77,000 leagues a second, takes three years to reach us from the nearest star. And there are those 344, and even 900 times more remote! Then there are stars whose light does not reach us until after two thousand seven hundred years—an infinity in distance as it is in numbers.

EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

It is the view of the age to minimize learning for wisdom—to educate the head, and forget that there is a more important education necessary for the heart. The young lady who has been taught to sing some forced pursuit; but who, as it were, for a mere whim, or a sudden pique, consigns themselves lasting privileges and incomes, more difficult, perhaps, to be borne than bodily pain, because more enduring, and to the observance of which, from the very nature of their position, a better feeling. Miss Mary Lyttle, was disappointed in in "Dudley's Annual Register," for 1778, as "a smiling copy of general fairness, the living in Oxford Street, London." She had been disappointed in love, and made a vow, in consequence thereof, never to see the light of the sun again. Accordingly, the windows of her apartment were closely shut up, and her curtains never broken. Another lady, under similar circumstances, and condemning herself in like manner, is mentioned as it would be learned the same sort of experiment on its non-effect on the sentimental fact, that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man; that the one is confirmed and the other unsettled, the other is growing, and requires repose; that to force the attention to abstract facts, to load the memory with chronological and historical or scientific detail, in short, to expect a child's brain to bear with impunity the exertions of a man's, is as irrational as it would be to hazard the same sort of experiment on its muscles.

The first eight or ten years of life should be devoted to the education of the heart—to the formation of principles, rather than to the acquirement of what is termed knowledge—principles that should self-points out such a course; for the emotions are then the liveliest, and most easily moulded, being as yet unchilled by the world. It is from these years that the mass of men are hereafter to draw their sum of happiness or misery; the actions of the immense majority are, under all circumstances, determined much more by feeling than reflection; in truth, this greatness an infinity of occasions where it is essential to happiness that we should feel rightly; very few where it is necessary that we should think rightly.

Up to the seventh year of life, very great changes are going on in the structure of the brain, and demand, therefore, that the mind should be left to interrupt them by improper or over excitement. Just that degree of exercise should be given to the brain at this period, as is necessary to its health; and the best is moral instruction, exemplified by objects which strike the senses.

It is perhaps necessary to add, that at this period of life, special attention should be given, both by parents and teachers, to the physical development of the child. Pure air and free exercise are indispensable, and wherever these are withheld, the consequences will be certain to manifest themselves over the whole future life. The seeds of protracted and hopeless suffering have, in innumerable instances, been sown in the constitution of the child simply through ignorance of this great fundamental physical law; and the time has come when the united voices of these innocent victims should ascend, "trumpet-tongued," to the ears of every parent and every teacher in the land, to secure to them air and wholesome exercise; leave to develope our expanding energies in accordance with the laws of our being, and full scope for the riotous and bounding impulses of our young blood."—*London Quarterly Review.*

MADEMOISELLE DE LUZY.

This lady, the governess of the children of the Duchess de Praslin, and the love of whom, the Duke, it is supposed, murdered his wife, has excited great curiosity in France by the evidence she has given in various ways of uncommon powers of mind. Her correspondence with various persons she received for judicial examination, and from these letters, M. J. Arago, (says the *Chronicle des Etats Unis*,) has extracted sentiments, of which the following are specimens:—

When I was younger, it was my life to think: now I only seek how to escape thought or allay it.

Virtue is a title—they say, and we allow. But what is the price of it? Is it the title of Countess or Marchioness is much more valued.

You tell me you have no love in your heart: Behold the happiness! How I envy you and how I pity you!

The heart is like the legs: It tires of perpetual walking.

Poor governesses—till they have wings instead of arms, even caresses worthy of a guardian angel will be looked on as excessive and ridiculous.

The enemy of woman, most dangerous and mortal, is—opportunity.

A hat is the most eloquent teacher of immorality of which I have any knowledge.

Believe me, Heaven has set the condition of the heart are less manageable than those of the forehead. At eighteen, I was, at heart, thirty!

If conscience does not point the finger at you, you may laugh at the opinions, with regard to you, which others entertain.

He who loves fears, loves many things: he who loves glory loves but one.

The guardian angel, the most sure, of woman, is indifference.

Tell a man that you *love him, but do not respect him*, he may cause his obedience; tell him you *respect, but do not love him*, and the offence is only bounded by his capacity of anger.

At sixteen we women love *more*—at thirty we love *better*.

How many women lose themselves, only to establish a comparison with some other woman that possesses their imagination: desire and curiosity are more of a man than is commonly thought.

How poverty-stricken is language. We say *a good*, and we say *a good*. It is a consolation in one misfortune and a shame in another. Why is this left subject to double meaning?

They say that woman has a *great deal* of heart: but how much more it would be to say that she has a great many hearts!

My poor friend! you talk of joy: what is it but a gleam of the sun, with a cloud preceding and overtaking it!

YELLOW FEVER ANECDOTE.

Under this head, the N. O. Delta relates the following:—

"Doctor," said the dying man, opening his languid eyes, "how long do you think I will live?"

"My poor friend," answered the physician, wiping the tears from his eyes, "I do not think that you can live more than twenty-four hours."

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed the dying man, "don't say that! Not, still, if I can't live, I suppose I must bow to the will of Providence."

The dying man ceased over his face with the bed clothes, and the physician not being able to endure the scene any longer, left the room. "Oh, sir, *Doctor, don't say that! I can't afford to pay Bill—he knows that other people pay, and I can't afford it.*"

So saying, the young gentleman sank back, and never lifted his head again. Although worth over four or five thousand dollars in solid cash, he couldn't afford to die, because his funeral would cost him $37. The memories of the dead are often stricken into his system since the fever set, and he recovered.

"SMALL POTATOES."

Some years ago a gentleman visiting a lecture in one of the Connecticut towns, was called upon to take the intender, which somehow got in there at home. It was thrown out with a smile, and the farmer being in at his head to take it up, he found a number of twelve at his elbow asked what it was. Oh, nothing but a potato, my boy;—take and taste it, and you shall have all you can raise from it till you are free. The lad took it, and the farmer thought no more about it at that time. The boy, however, not despising small potatoes, carefully divided it into as many pieces as he could find eyes, and put them into the ground. The product was carefully put aside in the fall, and seed for several hills was obtained for seed, until the fourth year, the yield being good, the actual product was four hundred bushels! The farmer, seeing the prospect that the potato field would by another year cover his whole farm, asked to be released from his promise.

With the same calculation, prudence, and industry, how many who are disposed to regard the trifling things on which fortunes are built as too small potatoes to receive their attention, would have been in independent circumstances, if they had husbanded small advantages. "Small potatoes" should not be despised, even though there be at first but "a few in a hill."—*Portsmouth Journal.*

SELF-TORMENTORS.

There is a still more extraordinary class of self-tormentors to be found in those who are not excited by a malicious zeal, or who have no chance of conviction to some christian object, nor anything to some forced pursuit; but who, as it were, for a mere whim, or a sudden pique, consign themselves lasting privileges and incomes, more difficult, perhaps, to be borne than bodily pain, because more enduring, and to the observance of which, from the very nature of their position, a better feeling. Miss Mary Lyttle, was disappointed in in "Dudley's Annual Register," for 1778, as "a smiling copy of general fairness, the living in Oxford Street, London." She had been disappointed in love, and made a vow, in consequence thereof, never to see the light of the sun again. Accordingly, the windows of her apartment were closely shut up, and her curtains never broken. Another lady, under similar circumstances, and condemning herself in like manner, is mentioned as it would be learned the same sort of experiment on its non-effect on the sentimental fact, that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man; that the one is confirmed and the other unsettled, the other is growing, and requires repose; that to force the attention to abstract facts, to load the memory with chronological and historical or scientific detail, in short, to expect a child's brain to bear with impunity the exertions of a man's, is as irrational as it would be to hazard the same sort of experiment on its muscles.

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Humorous Sketch.

ONE OF THE B'HOYS IN A BOOK-STORE.

"Say!—how you got any good stories 'mong these 'ere dashed things?"

"This was said, a day or two since, to the young man in the book-store, by a sickly, slab-sided curly-haired fellow, with a wool hat turned up all round, red flannel shirt, sleeves rolled up, and trowsers as though he had just been dug out of a coal pit.

"Yes, sir, a good many," replied the young gentleman.

"Well, just shell out some o' your biggest, will ye?"

"What kind would you like?"

"Any thing font nake—I don't care a darn what it is."

"There is a very good one, sir," "The Chronicles of Clovercrook," by Douglas Jerrold."

"Clover grass!—we've got clover enough to hum; don't want that."

"Here is another good one; perhaps you will like it," "The Wigwam and the Cabin."

"Go to grass with your log cabins; don't talk to me about 'em. I go in for the Terrors, clean up the hole.—

(Sings)

"The little star of Texas was fated to break away!
It never can be united to the Northern Union! Ha!
Conney Clay!

"Well, sir, here's 'Mount Sorel;' how will that suit?"

"Thunder and Guanes!—if they ain't writin' about that 'ere same horrid! I don't like 'em, not any how! Say, mister, I'll bet a coat that story's as flat as a pancake!"

"Perhaps you would you like this, sir; 'Love and Mesmerism,' by Horace Smith. Smith, you know, is a good writer."

"No, I 'spect he is, but I don't believe in Mesmerism, no how. There's a woman down here in Byram that had better get that; she's full of all that nonsense now, and I'll tell you what, she'd just take to it like a duck to water."

"Here is a capital romance, by Balwer, sir, 'Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes.'"

"Last of the Tribunes—they hasn't stopped printin' 'em, then? Well, I'll tell you what, I'll be a pesky lot on 'em taken up to our settlement, but they're gittin' sick on't, and I don't b'lieve they'll 'stand it a year while longer, any how."

"Well, here's a book of travels, perhaps will please you, 'Curwen's Pilgrim on the Shadow at Home and Abroad.'"

"Jeeup what?"

"Shadow at Home and Abroad."

"Well, if I ever heard a mountain called by such a name as that afore."

"It is a very interesting work, indeed, sir; it is said to be a——"

"Yes, I 'spect it is, but I guess I shan't go nigh it, now."

"I am afraid, sir, we shall be unable to please you to-day. You cannot even make a selection, I perceive. Here is one more, however, a novel by James."

"Jim who?"

"Mr. James, the celebrated writer—he is called 'Heidelberg.'"

"*Heidelberg!* I don't want none of your Heidelberg novels. Look-a-here, now, don't you get the idle and adventure's of Jemmy Wilkerson, or Stephen Burroughs, or Jack Polmer, or any of them 'ere old chaps? I want sothithin' real savage!"

"Something of that kind?"

"Yes, sothithin on the thunder and lightnin order!"

"We've got the very work, sir—this is it: 'The Castle of Ehrenstein'—it's all full of ghost stories."

"That's just sort—throw her over—what's the damage?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Real savage, is it?"

"Yes, sir—blue as an indigo bag."

"Just the very ticket. If I don't go right home and read it all strut through."—*Boston Spirit of the Times.*

Our Portrait Gallery.

JOHN KYRLE, THE "MAN OF ROSS."

"But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross.
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock, who bade the waters flow?
Not to a prince or praise his utmost part
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose seat the weary traveller hails first in view?
Whose stone the weary traveller repose?
Who bought that tree-an-directed spire to rise?
The Man of Ross! each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place, with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread.
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate.
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blest.
The young man labor, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves.
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and counsel is no more.
Despairing quarrels walk in crowds out the place.
And vile attorneys now a useless race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do.
Oh say what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a year!
Pope: *Epist. to Bathurst.*

The memory of the "Man of Ross" is still cherished in the little town of Ross and its neighborhood, though more than a century has passed since he was laid in his grave. We have no particular respecting him worthy the name of biography. Pope's well-known "Epistle to Bathurst," embodies with almost literal exactness, the chief features of his character. The only exception that may be taken as to the concluding line, where it is more insinuated than asserted that he accomplished all the good he did out of the five hundred pounds a year." It appears more than probable that after he had established his character as an active-minded, public, and benevolent man, his other neighbors aided him with occasional subscriptions or supplies of money to carry on some of his more extensive projects.

John Kyrle was a country gentleman of limited income, who lived during the latter part of the seventeenth and first part of the eighteenth centuries at Ross, in Herefordshire, England. When he was born does not seem to have been recorded; but at all events he was a young man in 1676, in which year he entered the University of Oxford. Nothing can be more generally known of the early years of him, has long life was not, probably, much to record. He was not a man calculated to regard as remarkable incidents; still, had he lived in our day, his "Life" might have been turned into a re spectably sized volume, for he was one of those from what we do know of him, that he either was, or, under other circumstances, would have been, an extraordinary man. He had a remarkable prominent element of his character and a chief cause of his success in doing good: he knew his sphere, kept within it, and moved in it with a force and power, unfitting preeminence within it; and was thus one of the few who were

enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do.

These lines of Pope, like not a few in his "Moral Essays," are full of meaning. The most worthless have, at times, moments in which they wish to rise out of the slough of their passions, and be beneficially employed; and many of the best lose opportunities of effecting much, by neglecting for common matters within their reach and resting to what is beyond them.

We have a mission counterpart to Kyrle through the character was effected by a far higher agency in Oberlin, the pastor of Waldbach, in the Ban de la Roche. Oberlin effected far more with rougher materials, in a shorter time, than Kyrle. Kyrle, however, in the quiet sphere of a plain, country gentleman, is an example well worthy of consideration.

What Kyrle did, then, may be summed up in a brief commentary on Pope's lines; for Pope, having been in the habit of visiting a family residing in Ross, was well acquainted with Kyrle's character. He found a surrounding country bare of trees, and by his example, and pecuniary money, procured it to be ornamentally planted; he caused a conduit or reservoir to be constructed in Ross, which was supplied with water by the inhabitants, until superseded by the laying down of pipes for the conveyance of water to the houses; he procured, at a great expense, a causeway to be made, where road was dangerous, a handsome causeway to be constructed, with trees on each side, and seats for the accommodation of the traveller; weekly he distributed a certain amount of food to the poor; was in the habit of bestowing marriage-gifts on industrious couples, and of apprenticing orphans; kept a medicine chest, and prescribed for the sick; was a general peace-maker, and, from his character, was resorted to as an arbitrator in differences; and though of no devotional a spirit as to be, not only a week's, but daily, attendant at church, he was the reverse of being an ascetic cheerful, though grave, he loved to see his neighbors dropping in upon him of an evening, after the labors of the day were over, to enjoy a friendly chat and a tankard of ale, then his spirit sympathized with all, heartily rejoicing in seasons of mirth and a hearty laugh. Nor must we forget that he was a warm promoter of education, subscribing annually to defray the expenses of a school, and inducing others to do the same.

What the foibles of the worthy man may have been we are not informed, and it would be but a paltry employment to take them up if we could. We may easily imagine that there were no sharp points in his character; his perseverance was of that quiet, effective kind, which accomplishes its purposes without bustle or noise, and that his temper was mild and placid is evidenced from his character as a peacemaker, and the love and veneration which he won for himself during his long life. He acted in him is, the disinterested economy which enabled him to do much with little. To do merely as he did would be folly. Thus, for instance, to be economical in the way he was, more economical in the purchase of specific articles than is customary at the present day, to employ a surgeon, physician, lawyer, and preacher gratuitously to one's feelings, and comparatively a safe and laudable practice as a matter of society, where the means, and the wants, are well known, would be more or less a specially sinful conduct. Let the reader imagine that one whole population is becoming so mixed up, that it is very hard to distinguish who are proper objects of charity and who are not, and he will see the benefit. The best charity is to give the means, to all who are able to work, of earning their own bread.

Kyrle, who, as Pope intimates, was a bachelor, died at an advanced age, in 1724. His funeral, it was in our day, was followed to the grave by surrounding friends, neighbors and dependents; who, though they knew that they had not gathered before it was ripe, still mourned over the loss of a father and a friend. To this day the people of Ross preserve memorials of him; his pew in the church remains, preserved the same throughout the alterations the interior of the church has undergone; his house, the height of his days, is pointed out; his pew with their linings, as if Nature herself wished that literally his memory should be always green, the house that he built himself, and inhabited, still stands, and in the cubiculum of an inn in Ross they preserve his arm-chair.

Fun and Frolic.

DR. VERSATILE—Antelope to the following regarding the Rev. Dr. Hoofbeat, that he is not only the foremost man alive, but a "typing" performer on the flute. Among the duties of the Rev. Doctor is that of attending to a beautiful young lady in Philadelphia, and after the manner of all musical lovers, he has become a devoted admirer. Accordingly, in company with some amateur (the Doctor abhors solitude) he proceeded to the residence of the young lady's father. Quite late in the night led to a mistake as to the house, and the modestly designed for a young lady was poured into the upstairs front chamber of a solemn Quaker. Don't bore the infliction as long as he could. Twice after came those sinuous from his recitals, till at length, in the middle of "Home, Sweet Home," he threw up his window, and presenting his venerable head, thus addressed the astonished Doctor:

"Friend, thee sings of thy home—of thy sweet home—and I am glad to hear it, for I know that there was no place like thy home. Now, of the home is an sweet a place, why don't thee go to thy home? Home is the best resort for home."

It is needless to say that the accompanying party departed without delay or ceremony.

CAUSE.—A lady called at one of our stores a day or two since, and inquired of a young clerk for "cream."

Not willing to appear ignorant nor exactly comprehending her, he handed down a regular toasted cracker. "What," says the lady, "that is not what I want."

"Well," replied the boy, "that is the *smallest* thing I have of."

COMICALITIES.

An Irishman, seeing a work advertised, entitled "Endless Amusement," remarked that it would be a cheap work to whoever could live long enough to read it.

At a recent meeting of the new cemetery company, says the Sheffield *Iris*, the chairman said he had great pleasure in announcing gratifying fact, that the burials in the cemetery, for the last year, were double as number those of the previous year.

Pope's oath was, "God nerer no." A look-boy to whom he had refused a penny, looking at his diminutive stature, said, "Then you will be a long time dead!" It would be too trouble to make a farthing.

A good story is told of a Yankee who went for the first time to a bowling alley, and kept firing away at the pins, to the amusement of the bowlers, who set them up for him, until he had knocked down a dozen or more. Another Yankee, who was looking on, remarked, "I guess that fellow is getting up the ninepins, and knocking 'em down himself."

Also on the subject on mowing grass seed in August on the same ground forever, the Albany Cultivator has come at last on to the right ground though its conversion was so moderate that many will not understand it at once. It says the best way is to pay it.

It is proper that we should take note of these changes of theory, or time, that farmers may steer their whereto and when; my progress is made in the art of farming, and in the science of agriculture.

TOMATOES FOR COWS.

It is not generally known that the vegetable is a most excellent article of food for milch cows. Feed it two summers and find it decidedly superior to any other vegetable we have yet found. They will not only keep the cow in the most healthy state, but yield a rich golden color to the cream, and butter of the most delicious flavor. The seed is fine, and the flavor is not improved. We do not know, however, that they impart any richer flavor to the butter.

We have known roots to refuse them when first offered, but soon become very fond of them, others, we believe, have suggested that they should be cut from the first. Thus far we have fed them only in the raw state, but of boiled with corn meal, sugar, and salt, will be a delicious food for cows, and doubtless for heifers.

We may here take a dairy farm; the cultivation of acre or two is sometimes, would be repaid by a greater profit than any vegetable we know. From the fact that the fruit is the part used, and that ripened every day, from July until frost.

There is some trouble in picking them, but then we have noticed that we can pick more in a given time, and log boys, who would not be the worse for a little work. We should be glad to see the experiment tried on a large scale, and would cheerfully hand the result.—*N. C. Temperance Advocate.*

SECRET PLEASURE.—We challenge the world to find one who does not take secret pleasure in and handsome practice than were exhibited at our Fair, of seedlings, too, raised in the vicinity of Cincinnati. Specimens of the Vandervoort Seedling from seed of the Lemon Cling; a remarkably handsome fruit, deep yellow flesh, fine and delicate, seemed over a foot in circumference! One weighed fourteen ounces, and four together weighed two pounds and fourteen ounces.

VERY GENEROUS.

The Boston Bee is accountable for the following specimen of excessive verdancy:

"A gentleman from the country, now stopping at one of our hotels, entered into conversation with one of the boarders, asking questions about the Fair at Quincy Hall, &c., after some few minutes' conversation, the boarder drew out his cigar-case, and asked the countryman—

"Will you take a cigar, sir?"

"No, I don't mind if I dew," was the reply.

"The cigar was passed to him, and also, one which the boarder was smoking, for the purpose of making him a light. He carefully placed the cigar first handed to him in his pocket; took his knife out of that end of the lighted one which had been in the mouth of his generous friend, and commenced smoking the remainder, remarking,

"I'll tell ye what, Mister, when I am in the country raise a-fond of so eleven a feller, in the city, as you am."

A Singular Race.

THE BUSH PEOPLE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM SIR JOHN BARROW'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The journey was now to be taken northward, (from the Cape,) and to return by the eastward; in short, to explore the country, which is mostly in possession of a singular people, known by the name of Boojesmen, from their living and concealing themselves among the bushes or thickets. I say here at once describe them. At the house of one Krugers, at a place called Zout Pansberg, I was one of these wild men with his two wives and a little child, who had just been captured or stolen. The two women were the first of the kind of the women four feet two, the other four feet three. Physically speaking, they are evidently the same race as the Hottentots, but the features whose ugly features in this diminutive race are greatly exaggerated, even to disgust. We afterwards became better acquainted with this race of population of which was estimated at about one hundred and twenty souls. I had several, both men and women measured, and the tallest of the former was four feet nine inches, and the tallest woman four feet one inches: one of these, who had borne several children, measured only three feet nine inches. These unfortunate beings are (or were originally) shorter than the Hottentots. I have eye, always in motion, does not tend to direct the object of sight to any one point, as in that of the Chinese and the Hottentot, is rounded into the lower on the side next the nose. They are active as wild animals, and live upon the refuse of society, whom they attend at the heels of the Boers, who will starve on moonlight nights from the offal that is thrown out. Of the manners we could not obtain much information, as they were removed the Boojesman eats, is raised with danger and fatigue in searching and laying out places for capturing different kinds of game. This poor creature possesses a thick head of wool, and the hair, which bulbs of the filaceous plants and a few cutaneous roots are all that the vegetable kingdom affords to this race of outcasts, and the remarkably extended posteriors are characteristic of the whole Hottentot race; but as some of the little Boojesmans that are carried to such an extravagant degree as to excite laughter. In most other respects, bodily as well as mental, they vary widely. In disposition, the latter is lively and cheerful; in his person active, across from elevated places, and in his movements quick. Nor by day in his hovel, for fear of the Boers, he will dance on moonlight nights from the effects of the Chinese and the Hottentot, is rounded into the lower on the side next the nose. They are active as wild animals, and live upon the refuse of society, whom they attend at the heels of the Boers, who will starve on moonlight nights from the offal that is thrown out. Of the manners we could not obtain much information, as they were removed from